

4 times people suspected shane and ilya were together

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4 times people suspected shane and ilya were together

by [iloveilyarozanov](#)

Summary

and the 1 time everybody knew.

Notes

hello! i hope you all enjoy reading my fic! i just wanted to preface this by saying that i read the books and am watching the show, so there are some spoilers for future episodes in here! i've added them to the notes if you're worried about it! also just a warning there is an outing and casual homophobia.

the spoilers come from the end of heated rivalry and basically all throughout the long game

I. Rose

When Rose sat Shane down and asked if he was gay, she hadn't expected him to actually be honest with her.

She had thought he was going to skirt around the truth until she eventually had to be the one to say it out loud, but he actually accepted it rather quickly.

Maybe a little too quickly, because immediately after that, he told her that he would rather be the hole than the peg.

That part had been a little uncomfortable, she would admit, but she was still grateful for the conversation. She genuinely liked Shane and she was happy to keep him as a friend.

"So," Rose asked through the phone, "do you have a boyfriend yet?"

That was a thing now. Just a few months after finding out about his sexuality, Rose constantly tried to set him up and make sure Shane didn't disappear into himself.

She always asked why he wasn't looking for somebody. He deserved to be in a relationship, even if he would have to keep it secret.

She just wanted him to be happy.

She could practically hear Shane's eyes roll, "No. For the last time, I'm in a very—"

"Committed relationship with hockey. Yes. I know. You've said." Rose huffed. Her voice took on a softer tone, "don't you get lonely?"

"No," he answered tensely, "I don't have time to be lonely."

Rose didn't believe him even a little bit. She saw the distant eyes he got while they were sitting in a bar and watching a match between Boston and New York end.

His eyes had been sparkling at the end of the game when all of the spouses came out on the ice to hug and kiss their partners.

"I worry about you," Rose continued, "Next time you're in LA we're going out and you're going to at least *try* to meet someone."

Shane sighed, "Yeah, sure, whatever." He sounded desperate to change topics, so she allowed it, but she didn't let the conversation slip out of her mind.

A few weeks later, she successfully dragged Shane to a club after he had won the match against LA.

He had been in a good enough mood that he didn't even protest when she picked an outfit out of his suitcase and forced him to put it on.

She told herself it was a good sign. Maybe he would *finally* relax and let himself have fun for once. And hey, maybe she could find a good hookup, too. God knows Shane didn't leave her anywhere near satisfied.

The club was loud and dark and far too crowded, but for once, Shane seemed to slip into it easily. He drank a beer, a rare detour from his usual diet plan, and he even let Rose pull him onto the dance floor.

He even smiled when a guy brushed his shoulder deliberately.

Just when she was about to tell him to go dance with the boy, he reached for his phone in his pocket.

He must've gotten a notification, because his face lit up. He took a step back from Rose, leaving her dancing alone while he checked his phone.

"Everything okay?" She found herself asking out of morbid curiosity. Shane was what you might call chronically offline. He *never* answered his phone, and when he did, it was always one word responses four hours later.

The expression on his face was something Rose had never seen before.

"Yep, all good!" He beamed, slipping his phone back into his pocket and looping an arm around her shoulder effortlessly.

She raised an eyebrow but didn't comment on it.

Instead, she let the moment pass. She was patient, and if the look on Shane's face meant anything, she figured another text would come soon.

It did, just a few minutes later. When his phone buzzed again, she tried to lean into his space and catch a peep of it, but he had a privacy screen protector. Of course he did.

Stop it, Rose, she told herself. *Don't invade his privacy.*

She couldn't help it, though. She really wanted him to be happy, and he was suspiciously smiley right now.

Maybe it was just the beer.

"Who are you texting?" She found herself asking. Her face turned red when she realized what she asked. Shane looked at her with wide eyes for a moment but concealed his expression impressively quick, "Hayden. We're talking about his kids."

Well, that made sense. Shane would never admit it out loud, but he absolutely adored Hayden's kids.

She nodded then went back to dancing. She must've misread the situation.

If Shane was seeing somebody, he would've told her.

An hour later, she was fully doubting that statement. She was sitting in a booth across from Shane, whose face was practically glued to his phone.

His face was bright red, which might've been from the alcohol, but Rose wasn't convinced. He hadn't even said a single word to her since they sat down.

Frankly, she was starting to get annoyed. She looked at her empty cup and sighed. She needed another drink.

She stood up and pushed herself out of the booth.

"Where are you going?" Shane yelled over the music. She looked back at him and crossed her arms, "You seemed preoccupied so I was going to get a drink." She couldn't help the annoyance seeping through the words.

She felt bad immediately because Shane's face fell guiltily. "I'm so sorry," he said, "I'll go get you a drink, you sit down. What do you want?"

Good man.

She spewed off the name of the most expensive drink on the menu to spite him then sat back down with a smile.

Rose reached for her phone on the table and read the notifications.

[lily]: Oh yes? I would definitely like to see that ;)

INSTAGRAM @shanehollander

haydenpikeyyy sent a post by nhlfails

lol this you?

She dropped the phone on the table facedown with a bang. That was definitely not her phone.

Her and Shane were both simple people. They both had navy blue phone cases. She hadn't realized she grabbed his.

Slowly, she reached her hand for his phone and flipped it over. Who was Lily?

She chanced a look at the bar where Shane was standing. He was talking to the bartender, who must've recognized him because he had a very excited look on his face.

She looked back at the notification. Why would Shane be texting a *girl*? Lily was definitely flirting with him.

Was he lying about being gay just to break up with her?

No, no way. That was crazy. He wouldn't do that.

The only answer was that Shane *was* seeing a guy. Somebody that he had to make up a fake name for.

She ran her hands through her hair. How had she not noticed? Was Shane fucking another hockey player? That was the only reason she could think of for the disguised name.

But even then, why wouldn't he tell her? Who was so secretive that Shane wouldn't tell—

Holy shit.

Lily was oddly similar to the name of one very high-profile rival.

Shane was fucking Ilya Rozanov.

Rose gulped deeply and looked back in Shane's direction. How stressed must he be hiding this secret? How would he even react if he knew she found out?

She took a deep breath.

There was no way she could tell him she knew. She knew Shane very well. He would be terrified.

She thought about Ilya Rozanov. It was... a surprising pair, but honestly for some reason it made sense to her.

For one: Rozanov was sexy as hell. He also had that whole secret softie vibe about him. Not that her friends ever believed her when she said that.

She smiled softly. Maybe she could stop pestering Shane about boys now.

"Here you go," Shane said, snapping her out of her thoughts. He placed her fancy drink down in front of her and she muttered a thanks.

She opened her mouth, tempted to say something about Rozanov, but she stopped herself.

"So, what do you think of that guy?" She asked, pointing in the direction of a tall brunette.

Shane raised an eyebrow but she stopped him before he could answer.

"For me, dummy."

One day, Shane would be comfortable enough to tell her about Rozanov, but until then, she would do her best to keep him happy.

II. Hayden

Hayden was grateful for Shane Hollander. He was a great guy, sure, but he also happened to be a great babysitter.

The man was great with kids. Who would've thought.

For the past few years, he'd been exceedingly busy with Jackie's growing desire for even more kids. She. Just. Kept. Wanting. Them.

Not that Hayden didn't love them!

He loved his kids, really, but they were definitely... a handful. He struggled to keep up with them at the grocery store, for sure.

Luckily for him, Shane was always down to help.

He thought his kids actually might like Shane more than they even like him. They literally called him "Uncle Shane."

That's why Hayden tried so hard to set Shane up with somebody. He deserved the chance to have kids, and he knew he wanted them.

"Are you sure you don't wanna meet Samantha? Oh wait. I also have a friend named Dean!" He asked him one night while they were sitting in their shared hotel room. Shane had come out as gay to the team a few weeks earlier, but he still avoided the topic of relationships like the plague.

Shane had just rolled his eyes and walked out the door. Apparently, he had a friend in Boston he was going to go meet, but Hayden didn't have any idea who it could possibly be.

Whatever, it didn't matter anyways.

A few weeks later, Shane had been taking care of the kids for him while he went on a date with Jackie. When he got home, he found his kids curled up in a pile on the couch on top of Shane.

It was oddly adorable. He snapped a picture of it and sent it to Shane before waking him up very obnoxiously.

Shane jumped up with a gasp, nearly knocking the pile of children off him in his shock. He caught the newest baby by the shirt and glared at Hayden. "I almost killed your kids and it would've been your fault," he said pointedly.

Hayden laughed while helping the kids off the couch. "That would've been quite the story. ESPN would've loved it."

"ESPN? Probably not, but maybe PopBase would've enjoyed it," Shane said tiredly. He sat up off the couch and picked up Ruby, who was still asleep. "I'll help you put them to bed, then I'll head out."

Hayden nodded and went towards the direction of Emma's bedroom.

After tucking her in, he headed out to the hallway. He could hear Jackie talking to Shane in the living room so he peeked in Ruby's room and heard her snoring softly.

"It's really no problem, Jackie. They're great," Shane was saying. Jackie was holding a wad of money in her hands and the man seemed to be waving it off.

Hayden walked in and threw an arm around his wife's shoulder. "Don't bother, Jackie. This is the second highest paid player in hockey history," he paused, then added, "also, I've tried. He won't take it."

Jackie sighed dejectedly, "I feel bad exploiting your labor."

Shane smiled softly, "I would hardly call it exploiting. I always have a good time."

"So when are you gonna start looking to get married and settle down?" Jackie asked, genuinely curious.

Hayden was about to answer for him and tell her that it was a pointless argument, but the sound of a phone ringing cut him off.

Shane looked at his pocket guiltily and pulled his phone out. He made a concerned face. "I'm sorry, I need to take this. I'm gonna go ahead and go. See you tomorrow, Hayden."

Hayden watched Shane leave in a hurry. He could barely make out Shane asking if something was wrong before the front door shut behind him.

Jackie looked at him curiously, but all he could do was shrug.

A few weeks later, after a disastrous trip where Rozanov scored five goals on them in one game and they somehow *lost* to freaking Ottawa, Shane had agreed to babysit for them again.

He offhandedly mentioned bringing a friend with him and Hayden had shrugged it off. He figured it was probably Rose and thought nothing of it.

By the time Jackie and Hayden got back from their date, the kids were asleep and Shane was sitting alone on the couch watching TV.

"How were they?" Jackie asked, like she always did. "They were great," Shane answered, like he always did.

Nobody asked about where his friend was. It wasn't important.

Hayden would come to regret not asking.

The next time Shane babysat was earlier in the day. Jackie was off running errands and Hayden had a doctors appointment for a knee problem that had been bothering him for a few weeks.

When he walked in the house, the living room was silent. That was unusual.

Shane always played with the kids and got them super riled up so they would fall asleep easier. Another way he was amazing with kids.

Hayden looked in each of their bedrooms and was surprised to see them empty, too. He looked out the glass door in the kitchen and realized the kids were playing outside while Shane sat on the porch.

Ruby was swinging on their swing set while Emma was going up and down the slide.

Shane was on the phone with somebody, holding the baby in his arms. His face looked unusually relaxed while his eyes remained trained on the girls.

When Hayden cracked the door open, Shane didn't notice.

He couldn't resist the urge to listen in on the phone call. He knew he was being invasive, but he was curious! The guy *never* talked on the phone.

"They're just playing on the playground, yeah." Shane said quietly. He hummed into the phone then said, "No it's fine. They asked about you, though."

Hayden tilted his head. That was strange. He must've been on the phone with Rose.

"Yeah, they asked when you'll be back." He paused for a moment, then started laughing. "Yeah, I think he would probably kill me."

What? Was he talking about Hayden? Why would he kill Shane?

"Hey, I need to go. He's gonna be back soon. I love you."

Okay, what the fuck.

Was Shane *dating* somebody?

Maybe it was his parents. But that didn't make any sense. His parents had *definitely* never met Hayden's kids.

He took a long breath, then slid the door fully open. "Hey, Shane. How's it going?"

Shane jumped out of his seat on the porch, "Oh, hey! It's great. They're just playing on the playground."

Hayden bit his lip and nodded slowly. Should he ask who that was?

Ugh. If he did, Shane would know he was eavesdropping.

"How was your doctor's appointment?" Shane asked earnestly, passing the baby over to Hayden.

"It was good, they told me it was just fatigue," he paused, considering. Then, "Hey, remember a few weeks ago when you told me you had a friend coming over? Who was that?"

Shane narrowed his eyes suspiciously, but answered, "Just Rose. Why?"

"Just wondering. Gotta make sure my kids are around normal people, you know," Hayden said awkwardly. He had totally been caught eavesdropping. Great.

The other man sighed and brushed his hair out of his face, "Whatever man. I'm gonna head out. See you at practice."

Hayden watched him leave. He couldn't believe he just lied to his face. That was *definitely* not Rose on the phone.

He looked over to his kids.

Wait a minute. They had met this mystery person and said absolutely nothing about who it was. He could just ask them! They would totally tell him.

"No way." Ruby said, arms crossed on her chest.

"Come on, Ruby. Just tell me who Shane brought over!" Hayden groaned. He was crouched down next to her bed. He just tucked her in and decided to shoot his shot.

It was not going well.

Ruby rolled her eyes, "Uncle Shane told me not to. He said you wouldn't be happy."

A spark of concern shot through Hayden. Wouldn't be happy? Was Shane bringing a weirdo into his house and around his kids? Surely not.

"Sweetie, I just want to make sure you're safe." Hayden said with pleading eyes, even though that was a bold faced lie.

He was just nosy as fuck.

Ruby bit her lip, then sighed dejectedly. "I can't tell you, I promised."

Hayden gave her a pointed look.

Ruby continued enthusiastically, "I swear, he's really cool! He just thinks you won't like him."

No.

No fucking way.

Did Shane have a *boyfriend*? And he didn't tell Hayden?

He kissed Ruby on the forehead and escaped to the living room to spiral.

Was Shane worried Hayden would be weird about it? He had been so supportive when he came out to the team! (In fact, one of the only supportive ones. He really needed to have a talk with his teammates.)

Or maybe... he wasn't worried about Hayden's reaction to him dating. He was worried about *who* he was dating.

Hayden gulped, thinking about the mysterious friend from Boston who suddenly disappeared. He thought about the way Shane ditched the team dinner in Ottawa after they lost.

He thought about Ilya Rozanov, the world-class player who randomly decided to move to a shitty team in Ottawa, which happened to be only an hour away from Montreal.

What the fuck.

There was no way. He was imagining it. One hundred percent.

Except... it made sense. Not just the odd coincidences.

Shane and Rozanov made sense.

They were like two sides of the same coin. Different, but somehow, so similar.

He thought about calling Shane and telling him that he knew.

He didn't really know, though. He just suspected.

If Hayden tried to get Shane to confess, the other man would definitely just run away and avoid Hayden for the rest of time.

He had no choice. He had to be patient and wait for Shane to tell him.

Until then, though, he would do his best to help Shane discretely.

Also, he would need to have a serious conversation with his children about keeping secrets from him.

III. Scott

Scott Hunter never thought he would have the chance to participate in the 2018 Olympics. After a year long debate about the inclusion of NHL players, he thought there was no chance.

Finding out that they would not only be allowed, but he would also be the captain of team USA was incredible.

Since coming out, his stock in the overseas hockey community had drastically fallen off. He was grateful that the USA still respected him, at least.

He also was happy for his fellow members of the NHL that were picked to be captains. Hollander and Rozanov were both captains for their respective countries and he knew the hockey fans were hoping for a Canada vs Russia matchup.

Unfortunately for them, Canada and America were about to play in a matchup that would eliminate one of them from medal contention, and Scott planned on it being Canada.

The air in the rink was absolutely *vibrating*, and the crowd was surprisingly decked out in Team Canada gear.

Scott had thought there would be a lot of Japanese fans there for Hollander, but even he wasn't prepared for the insane amount of Hollander merchandise in the crowd.

He was everywhere.

Canadian flags were waving through the arena and vastly outnumbered the few American signs. There were also a few pride flags which always sent a soft pang through Scott's chest.

He took a breath. He had to focus.

He had played against Hollander plenty of times. He was a great player, but the international ice turned him into a different beast entirely.

He was desperate for gold this time around, that much was clear.

The game began on an intense note. The score remained close through the whole game and by the last few minutes, Canada was only up 2-1. The crowd was electric and Scott was determined to score another goal to tie it up.

He got the puck in his possession and started to maneuver around the rink. Just when he was about to score, it happened.

Scott heard it before he saw it. The sound of the audience gasping, a loud bang against the boards, then... complete silence.

"Motherfucker!" J.J., one of Hollander's teammates in Montreal who was currently on team USA, shouted. He skated over to where Hollander was currently laid out on the ice unmoving.

"Jesus," another one of Scott's teammates muttered, "that did not look good."

Scott watched helplessly as paramedics came onto the ice to evaluate him. He vaguely remembered an incident just a few months ago where Hollander got a nasty concussion and missed the playoffs.

Another head injury in such a short amount of time could be devastating.

He felt terrible for Hollander. He had a few conversations with the guy and he seemed nice enough. Sure, they had their moments on the ice, but who didn't?

The rest of the game flew by in a blur. Scott managed to score another goal to help USA come back 3-2, but the win left a sour taste in his mouth.

Instead of celebrating their guaranteed medal with his team, he sat in silence in the locker room, staring at the wall.

In his entire career, he had been lucky to never have a serious head injury. Hollander having two within a year... It was scary.

It made him really think about his future in the sport. What would he do if he got hurt? He was starting to get pretty old, even though he would never admit that out loud.

“Hey man,” a hand on his shoulder shook him out of his thoughts. He looked up to see J.J. hovering over him. “I’m gonna go visit Shane, do you wanna come?”

Scott’s surprise must’ve seeped through his expression, because J.J. wrapped a hand around his bicep and said, “I know you want to.”

So, he followed J.J. through the halls of the arena into the medical room. The fact that they hadn’t taken him to the hospital was a promising sign.

They could hear talking coming through the door, so they pushed it open and entered the room. Instead of the doctor, like they were expecting, Ilya Rozanov was standing next to the cot Hollander was laying on in a Team Russia sweatsuit.

He seemed to jump away at the sound of the door and both of their heads whipped up.

Scott took note of the increasingly large distance Rozanov was making between himself and the bed.

“Hey guys,” J.J. said, but it almost sounded like a question.

Rozanov glanced at Hollander for a moment, then redirected his attention to the Team USA members.

“I was just checking on Hollander. I wanted to make sure Montreal wasn’t about to become as boring as New York is.” Rozanov said in that half-joking, half-serious voice he tended to use.

Hollander rolled his eyes, which was a good sign. “Yeah, okay. How are you Shane?” J.J. asked, averting his gaze to Hollander.

Scott watched Rozanov sneak out the door while J.J. put his hand on Hollander’s forehead.

Hollander promptly slapped the hand away, “Dude, chill, it’s not like I’m sick. I just hit my head.”

“Jeez, let a boy care for his friend, man!” J.J. said with a hand against his heart in betrayal.

Hollander rolled his eyes again, then looked at Scott with narrowed eyes. “Why are you here?” He asked.

Scott licked his lips, still caught on the fact that Rozanov was just alone in the room with Shane fucking Hollander and J.J. didn’t even seem confused. Finally, he answered, “I was concerned. After last time...” He trailed off.

The room went silent. He probably shouldn’t have mentioned that.

“Well, I’m good. Not even concussed, somehow. Just some severely bruised ribs and the wind knocked out of me.” Hollander said, still eyeing Scott.

It was then that Scott remembered the email he received when he came out. The one about how brave he was for coming out.

That was certainly an interesting memory.

Things started adding up in his head while J.J. made fun of Hollander for Team Canada’s loss.

Hollander’s strange reaction at the Sochi Olympics to Vaughn’s admittedly homophobic comment about figure skaters. Rozanov’s move to Ottawa. Their shared charity.

“You good, Hunter?” Hollander asked.

This was his chance to ask. To find out if Hollander seriously was dating his arch-rival.

But...

He thought about the reaction to his coming out. His fear of traveling to international countries, the looks he still got in public, the nasty tweets he received every day.

And he wasn’t even dating a hockey player.

“Yep, I’m good,” he said instead, “Shouldn’t I be the one asking you that?”

He would know for sure when they were ready.

It was going to be complicated for them to come out, and it must’ve been extremely hard to keep it secret.

Scott didn’t see a reason to make it any harder.

IV. Svetlana

Svetlana normally loved public events.

She loved getting to dress up in a sexy gown and attracting all of the men in a two hundred foot radius.

She also loved hockey. Watching men fight over a small black puck was one of her favorite pastimes.

Unfortunately, she was quickly discovering that social events and hockey did *not* pair well together.

When Ilya had asked her to come to the NHL awards, she was actually excited. She thought she would get a chance to meet some of her favorite hockey players and also fuck someone

really hot.

It turned out, all of the hot ones were either married or total assholes.

“Vodka?” Ilya asked, sliding her a glass without waiting for an answer.

She was sitting on a stool in the corner in her gorgeous black dress. Completely alone.

She took the vodka without a word, taking a large sip.

The first guy Svetlana had tried to talk to quickly flashed a wedding ring in her face and walked away. The second guy immediately groped her. The third guy at least let her get a sentence in before he tried to grind on her.

After all of those failed attempts, she resigned herself to the corner.

“This is your fault,” she huffed in Russian. Ilya raised an eyebrow, “Oh?”

Svetlana nodded firmly, “Yes. You made me come to this stupid party. Then you ditched me with no warning about the absolute disrespect of these men.”

That caught his attention. “Did someone do something?” He asked, concern evident.

Svetlana pushed her shoulders back and leaned against the wall, “Yes, but nothing I can’t handle.”

At that, he seemed to relax a little. “Well, you could always leave,” he suggested, eyes seemingly searching the room.

“Well, I wouldn’t want to miss you losing MVP,” she said snidely. He didn’t even look at her. Strange.

She reached for her vodka and took another sip. After a moment of silence, she muttered thoughtfully, “You’re quiet.”

“I’m not,” Ilya responded automatically.

“Seriously?” Svetlana laughed, “Yeah, okay. I’m gonna go try and dance again.”

She stood up from the stool and downed the rest of her vodka in one go. Ilya didn’t even look at her, just offered her a small wave.

Following his gaze, she noticed a crowd of players hanging out by the bar. She recognized a few of them as Hayden Pike, J.J. Dagenais, and Shane Hollander.

She hummed thoughtfully. She could wait to see what happens, but Svetlana was never known for being patient.

Hayden Pike was married, she thought. J.J. had a girl under his shoulder. Then, it would have to be...

She walked over to the bar and sat down in a seat just a few inches away from the group. Then, she tapped Hollander on the shoulder. When he turned to look at her, she pasted on her flirtiest smile.

“Hey. It’s Shane, right?” She asked. The man looked confused, his eyes widening. He nodded and took a sip of his drink. Svetlana thought it looked like Ginger Ale.

She leaned in a little closer, “I’m Svetlana, it’s nice to meet you.”

A flash of recognition went through Shane’s eyes. Bullseye.

Svetlana peeped a glance at where Ilya was standing. His arms were crossed now and he looked cautious— but even more importantly, he was staring right at them.

He looked like he wanted to move, but his feet were rooted in the ground.

Shane shifted his feet, eyes flicking briefly past her shoulder. Not towards Ilya, but towards the door. “Nice to meet you,” he said politely, but Svetlana could hear the strain in it.

He didn’t lean in. If anything, he leaned away. She could feel Ilya’s eyes burning her.

Svetlana leaned in a little more and wrapped her hand around his bicep. Shane’s face turned red, and he almost looked embarrassed.

Her mind flashed to memories of Ilya withdrawing from her, refusing to have sex with her anymore. The contact in his phone named Jane... It was all starting to make sense.

“I know.” Svetlana said, simply and dramatically.

Shane’s eyes whipped to her. For the first time in their conversation, he actually looked at her. “What?” He said, voice cracking.

Ilya took a step forward. She needed to end this.

“I know you’re going to win MVP this year, obviously.”

Relief washed over Shane’s face and she almost felt a little pity for him.

Almost.

“Thank you,” he stuttered out. The poor guy looked like a nervous wreck. Was that sweat falling down his neck?

She smiled one more time, then got up and walked back over to Ilya. He looked at her with narrowed eyes.

Svetlana raised an eyebrow and asked in Russian, “What?” Then, she swiped the vodka glass from his hand and took a long sip.

“Do you...” He started, unusually quiet. “You know what, nevermind.”

Svetlana let him change the topic until he eventually disappeared in the bathroom. He never came back, and she never asked why.

He would tell her eventually.

And when he did, she could rub it in his face that she knew all along.

+1. The World

PopBase @PopBase

Hayden Pike's FanMail video reveals a shocking secret relationship between famed hockey rivals, Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov.

[Zoomed in video of Shane and Ilya kissing in the background of Hayden's video.]

CAMMIE <3 @MONTREALMETROSSSS

WHAT THE FUCK

Jason Grace @jasongrace12

Absolutely fucking disgusting. They should be ashamed.

jas @shanehollandersabs

wait like delete this hello this is clearly personal

THE NEW YORK TIMES

OTTAWA'S ILYA ROZANOV AND MONTREAL'S SHANE HOLLANDER REVEALED TO BE IN A SECRET RELATIONSHIP.

After Scott Hunter came out in 2017, the hockey world was thrown into a surprising LGBT+ pride movement, something that no fan of the sport would have expected.

The sport is notoriously homophobic, but within recent years it has grown to be more accepting.

The news that Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are together might threaten to snap the growing support throughout hockey communities. The idea of two rivals being together while playing against each other is a touchy subject for fans who are worried about the implications of such a relationship.

Neither of the players or their teams have commented on the leak yet, however, inside sources report that the two have been growing increasingly close since they began working on the Irina Foundation in 2018.

Fans wonder if Montreal, a team that is notoriously traditional, will release a statement.

The teams are set to play each other in just a few weeks. League officials have not designated if there will be disciplinary action yet.

Montreal Metros @MontrealMetros

OFFICIAL STATEMENT REGARDING SHANE HOLLANDER:

In light of recent news, Shane Hollander will be placed on temporary leave while the organization discusses how to move forward. The organization was previously unaware of the affiliation between Hollander and Ilya Rozanov and promises to do a better job monitoring its players in the future.

Thank you for all the support, and as always, go Metros.

paige <3 metros @jjsnumber1fan

ok but like what kind of response is this hello?? support your players!

Bryan @bryancc34

Kick his ass off the team. Nobody wants that gay shit in hockey.

CAMMIE <3 @MONTREALMETROSSSS

shut up dumbass this is why you have

twelve followers

Mason @newYORRK486

anyone else kind of confused by this? why aren't they protecting their players... also like no offense but without shane they aren't even contenders for a cup.

Ottawa Centaurs @OttawaCentaurs

Statement Regarding Ilya Rozanov:

Ottawa supports all of our players in their endeavors. We plan to support Rozanov and Shane Hollander during this troubling time and ask that you respect their privacy.

Thank you. Go Centaurs!

OTTAWA WILL WIN A GAME @ilyasfatass

NOW THIS IS THE RESPONSE WE ARE LOOKING FOR.

paige <3 metros @jjsnumber1fan

ottawa may not win games but yall def won this! thank you guys for supporting your players!

Jason Grace @jasongrace12

This team fucking sucks and now I see why.

Carson Mamoa @CarsonMamoaESPN

Regarding the recent news in hockey. Do you think players who are dating are a liability to the team? Completely disregarding sexuality here. Obviously, there is going to be some performance bias when they play, correct? How can we be sure they won't let each other win? Genuinely asking.

Samuel Brown @SamuelBrownHOCKEY

If you are one of the people tweeting about how SHANE HOLLANDER or ILYA ROZANOV would throw a game, you are absolutely insane. Straight disrespectful to two of the greatest hockey players of all time. If them each scoring 50 goals in one season is "going easy," I would hate to see how they would play if they were "actually trying." You guys are ridiculous! #LOVEISLOVE

Scott Hunter @ScottHunter

Personal relationships do not have any correlation to what is happening on the ice. As someone who has played both with and against these players, I can guarantee that the last thing on their mind is throwing a game.

Ilya Rozanov @ilyarozanov

I hate you still, but you are nice guy. The Stanley Cup is mine though.

shane hollander @shanehollander

we all know its mine actually.

TRANSCRIPT FROM [ON THIN ICE: EPISODE 124]

[JONAH]: Let's just jump right in and talk about the elephant in the room, right? Ilya Rozanov and Shane fucking Hollander. Who would've seen it coming?

[Jonah laughs. He sounds genuinely flabbergasted.]

[PIERCE]: Shane... yeah, I could totally see that. I guess there's always been rumors, but when he dated Rose Landry I thought they must've been wrong. But Rozanov? Yeah, that's a surprise.

[JONAH]: Poor Rose. I wonder if she even knew.

[PIERCE]: Maybe she did. Maybe she even did the fucking, who knows.

[They both laugh together, even louder this time.]

[PIERCE]: You think they're gonna ban them from the league?

[JONAH]: I don't know. I wouldn't want them playing against each other now that we all know. But then again, is hockey even hockey anymore without Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov?

shane hollander @shanehollander

For several years now, Ilya Rozanov and I have been in a relationship. We kept this private out of fear for not only our safety, but for our livelihoods as professional hockey players. Thanks to Scott Hunter, Ryan Price, and several other players, the world for gay people in the NHL is opening up widely. However, there was no room in this world for Ilya and I to come out. We both were well aware of that. We never planned on it happening this way, if it was going to happen at all.

shane hollander @shanehollander

To those who are asking questions about the integrity of our playing. It is difficult for me to phrase this in a respectful way, so I won't: it is fucking ridiculous that you believe we would ever throw a game. Hockey is not just our job, it's our passion, and the thing we care about most in the world. The fact that people believe we would ever lose on purpose is an insult to our whole careers and to who we are as people.

shane hollander @shanehollander

It may be hard to believe this for some people, but Ilya and I are the exact same people we were one week ago before this all came out. One week ago, you were wearing shirts with our names on them. You were placing bets for us to score five goals in a single game. You were hoping one of us would win a Stanley Cup. Now, because of one piece of news that you simply weren't aware of before, you're calling for our removal from the sport. I want you to consider the sanity of that statement.

shane hollander @shanehollander

Is it so difficult to understand that for some people, love looks a little different than it does to you? I want you to ask yourself why this is so difficult for you to accept. Why is

it so hard for you to believe two men can be in love with each other without harming the people around them?

shane hollander @shanehollander

My plan is the same as it's always been. To win another Stanley Cup to take home to Montreal. Whether or not I will be allowed to do that remains unseen, but as soon as I can, I will get back on the ice and prove why I am one of the best hockey players in the world. To those who have been supportive, we truly thank you and appreciate you.

Ilya Rozanov @ilyarozanov

I second all of this.

shane hollander @shanehollander

lazy ass

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